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THE POETRY OF MATTHEW ARNOLD.*

The volumes which contain the poems of Matthew Arnold are one of the priceless possessions of the English-speaking people. The critical perversity which causes their writer to see in Byron a greater poet than Shelley and in Wordsworth a greater than Hugo has not prevented him from making verse of his own, which, were not such comparisons of necessity futile, might fairly be compared with the nobler strains of Shelley and of Hugo. We have, indeed, the high authority of Mr. Swinburne for assigning to the "Thyrsis" the rank of the "Adonais," and it might not be rash to say that such poems as "Dover Beach" and "Obermann" would not be un-

worthy of the author of the "Contemplations" and the "Légende des Siècles."

We believe that a man should be judged by the best of his work, in spite of those critics who invariably base their judgment upon that which is the worst, or which seems to them to be the worst; and judged by the best of his work, Mr. Arnold is great in an age and country which is noteworthy as having produced more great poets than usually fall to the lot of any country in any one age.

A new poet is to the critic what a new plant or animal is to the naturalist: something to be carefully studied with a view to classification. It is at once asked, what are his affinities, his antecedents, his tendencies. And these questions must continue to be asked as long as he stands before the world as a giver of new work. It is only when his work is done, or practically so, that they may be answered with any sort of completeness. Now the poetical work of Mr. Arnold is in all probability so nearly done that it is possible to give a kind of answer to these questions without running any great risk of having considerably to modify it in the future. It is, moreover, so well done, that whatever modification our judgment may be required to make upon the appearance of additional work, we can hardly be called upon to bestow more praise than is the just due of the work which we already possess.

The affinities of Mr. Arnold with the other great poets of our age are not very strongly marked. He differs from Browning in his lack of the dramatic instinct and in the possession of a much finer sense of form joined with no less thought. Again, his verse has not the subtle quality which has made the idyllic verse of Tennyson, within its somewhat narrow limits, the most perfect poetical expression of our time. With Swinburne, Rossetti, and Morris, he has more in common; and yet the general similarity of taste and method and aim which unites these three is but imperfectly shared by him. There is in his work a calmness, a directness, a simplicity which separates him from these, even from William Morris, although from this latter he

* POEMS. By Matthew Arnold. New American Edition. In two volumes. New York: Macmillan & Co.

is perhaps more widely separated by the larger contemplative and reflective element in his verse.

Obviously, then, he has drawn much of his inspiration from other sources than those to which these writers have chiefly turned. To discover whence he has drawn it would not be a difficult matter were we forced to rely upon internal evidence alone. In common with most of his great contemporaries, the poets of Greece and Rome occupy a prominent place among his spiritual antecedents, but their influence is, in him, conjoined with another which may in the most general way be called northern, or perhaps Germanic; whereas with Swinburne, Browning, and the others, the "sweet south" imparts a fragrance and a fire which are wanting in the less impassioned song of Mr. Arnold.

In this he is perhaps more English than they. The Germanic strain is after all the fundamental element in English character, and it is but an alien grace that is given to English poetry by any large infusion of French or Italian feeling. And yet when we consider how much we owe to the sway of such feeling over the minds of our greatest poets, when we see them all, Shakespeare and Milton and Shelley, turning by a sort of instinct to the south for an air in which to unfold their wings, we are tempted to believe that we have more southern blood in our veins than the ethnologist would allow us, and that this instinct points out to us race-affinities with a surer hand than what we know of history can do. Be this as it may, Mr. Arnold is less susceptible to such influences than most other English poets of high rank have been. Wordsworth and Goethe are with him inspiring forces, rather than Shelley and Hugo.

Every great poet has something of the prophet about him, in the sense that he, as a forerunner in the race, has attained some difficult altitude of thought in advance of the slower-footed mass of men pressing on behind. Placed upon such altitude, he tells those below what his vision discerns thence; and to them it is as the prophecy of things unfulfilled and as yet unseen. When we speak of the tendencies of a poet, we simply mean these seeming prophecies which are to him none such, but merely things seen from his loftier standpoint, and as yet unrevealed to those below. Thus it is that

"Le poète, en des jours impies
Vient préparer des jours meilleurs.
Il est l'homme des utopies,
Les pieds ici, les yeux ailleurs."

Thus it is that in days that seem the darkest, the poet has for us bright visions of the future

which we may see with his eyes. It may be that the utopias which he sees far ahead are to be realized in no land beneath the sun, that the vision which holds his gaze is but a splendid mirage; the fact remains that he sees it, that it is for him a reality, and that others, being directed to it by him, will come to see it for themselves as he sees it, and feel their souls kindled by it as his soul is kindled by it.

But there is an altitude of thought which has power to disenchant the soul, to show the bright vision seen from below to be in truth an illusion. The high and splendid faith which in such poets as Swinburne and Hugo has displaced the ignobler faith of the lesser many, is from this height seen to be an illusion also; and this height, or nearly this, is attained by Mr. Arnold at his best. We say nearly; for even when his vision is clearest, there is a note of doubt, of uncertainty, in his relation of what he sees.

"The mists are on the mountain hung,"
and his gaze cannot quite pierce them. He has not wholly relinquished the hope that they may veil a vista fair enough to compensate for what has been lost in the ascent. No man could be freer than he from

"The barren optimistic sophistries
Of comfortable moles,"

but he seems to have some dim ideal of an individual happiness which may be the part of the self-poised, self centred soul, and which may give to life strength and purpose; for

"Still doth the soul from its lone fastness high
Upon our lives a ruling effluence send;
And when it fails, fight as we will, we die,
And while it lasts, we cannot wholly end."

And yet in his deepest moods he seems haunted by that feeling of the unreality of life which comes at times, and with overwhelming force, to all thoughtful men; the feeling that prompted the profoundest utterances of the poet who tells us that

"We are such stuff
As dreams are made of;"

the feeling that

"This vale, this earth whereon we dream,"
is a thing in and of ourselves; the feeling which at times like

"A spasm shakes the dreamer's heart.
I too but seem";

the feeling that individual existence is but a transitory illusion, and that although we are for a brief space

"In the sea of life ensiled
With echoing straits between us thrown,"
there is a unity in existence which knows nothing of the individual; that surely once

"We were
Parts of a single continent,"
although for a time there lie between us

"The unplumbed, salt, estranging sea."

WILLIAM MORTON PAYNE.

THE WISDOM OF GOETHE.*

Current opinions, true or false, upon all important subjects, are largely matters of tradition and prescriptive authority. The more of the vital sap of error they contain, the deeper they are wont to plant their vigorous tap-roots in the soil of public sentiment. Human nature, whether tardy or not in its recognition of the good, is tenacious of its grip upon any defect which may seem to sink the character of a celebrity down to that of the "undistinguished throng." How many thousands neither know nor care to know more of Lord Bacon than that he was "The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind"; nor of Rousseau than that, according to the bluff Dr. Johnson, he was a rascal who richly deserved hanging! Enshrined as Washington and Hampden have for ages been in the hearts of men, it would probably not be very hard to create a general impression that the one was "a thin-lipped constitutional pedant," the other a solemn prig.

It must be regarded as very unfortunate for the Anglo-Saxon world, no less than for Goethe's fame, that the greatest of the Germans should have been at the outset so misappreciated by such literary common-carriers between Germany and England as Coleridge and De Quincey. Before their time everything German had been treated by the English with the contemptuous, though impartial, indifference of ignorance. Of these two writers, the one seems to have been too whimsical and the other too indolent to make earnest inquiry at first-hand into the accuracy of the popular tradition concerning Goethe—a tradition based upon worthless or untrustworthy translations of youthful performances. England, even now, according to Mr. Arnold, none too hospitable to foreign thought, was in those days still entrenched behind her Chinese wall of insular prejudice and self-sufficiency; Coleridge and De Quincey made, with respect to Goethe, no breach in this wall; and Thomas Carlyle's sponsorship was in itself, at that time, enough to discredit, with many, a foreign reputation less questionable even than Goethe's. That much has changed since then, the book before us is an evidence, if such were needed. England, like China and Japan, has opened her gates to the "foreign devils"; Goethe has received glad recognition and reverent homage from the best minds and hearts; the liberating influence of his thought and art has penetrated, like sunlight and air, to quarters where his name is yet unhonored or unknown. Yet—

such is the persistence of tradition supported by the malignity of enemies and the adulation of foolish worshippers—there are to this day persons of intelligence who regard Goethe very much as Dr. Johnson, with better reason, regarded poor Jean Jacques. But as a whole error is not so bad as a half truth, this hearty Johnsonian hatred of Goethe is much more satisfactory than the hasty generalization from a few real or supposed facts, of those who deem him "a cold nature," "a colossal egoist," "an attitudinist," "a heathen," and so on *ad nauseam*. Ground there may be for each of these accusations, and for many more, if we consider only isolated passages of his works or single epochs of his long life. But this were as unfair as to judge of the South American continent by the rugged and forbidding aspect of its western coast. The true student of Goethe knows that his mind is continental in its proportions and in its variety, including sky-piercing Andes and spacious pampas, deep mountain tarn and hastening river, mysterious forest depths and fruitful fields and orchards; a land having its deserts, too, its haunts of wild beasts and venomous reptiles; but on the whole goodly and fair, a habitable land, well suited to the needs of man.

Goethe himself says: "The world sees only the reflection of merit. Therefore, when you come to know a really great man intimately, you may as often find him above as below his reputation." The merit of Professor Blackie's book is that it shows, not a reflection of Goethe as does a mere biography like that of Lewes, but the real Goethe; and doubtless many who have read Lewes without having their prejudice against the German poet dispelled, will have to thank Professor Blackie for rescuing them from ungenerous misapprehensions. The book contains a "chronological summary of Goethe's life," an extended estimate of his character, and 250 pages of well chosen and well translated citations from the whole range of Goethe's works, both in prose and verse, comprising many of his best thoughts concerning morals, religion, politics, literature, philosophy, nature, art, education, etc., etc., well arranged and classified. This edition contains "a list of citations with references to the text of the more important works." It is to be regretted that pains were not taken to insert references to the text of all the works, since the importance of a translated citation and the need of verifying it bear no relation to the importance of the work from which it may be drawn. A good index would enhance the value of the book. The English is sometimes a little slipshod, and there is an occasional mistranslation. At

* THE WISDOM OF GOETHE. By John Stuart Blackie. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

p. lxxix, foot-note, "a convulsion of the *heart*" should read, "a convulsion of the earth." At p. 28, the German *darf* is mistranslated "dare," in the line from *Tasso*: "A foe will not, a true friend *dare* not, spare him." At p. 185, third line from foot, the insertion of the comma after the word "tendency" reverses the meaning. Perhaps the worst error noticed is at p. 181, where an acknowledgment of the human consciousness of the existence of "love and the idea," an acknowledgment extorted by Goethe from *mathematicians*, is attributed by his translator to those "mechanical aids," the almanac and the watch!

Professor Blackie's "Estimate of the Character of Goethe" is very genial and agreeable. The verdict is that, "with the exception of the human failings here and there, which I have not been anxious to cloak, he may well deserve to be studied by our generation, and to be handed down to long generations, as the model of a perfectly wise and virtuous man." The student of Goethe will share Professor Blackie's enthusiasm; and yet one cannot help feeling that the warm-hearted Scotchman overdoes the thing a little. To what purpose all this vindication of the seductive young poet concerning his relations to women? Granting that a great deal that is both unjust and Pharisaical has been said upon this subject; does not so much exculpation present this self-centred man too much in the apologetic attitude? We shall yet have a statue of Goethe, hat in hand, begging our pardon because he was a man of the eighteenth rather than of the nineteenth century. There are in this book two sayings of Goethe, which indicate what he would have thought of all this well-meant whitewashing. The first is this:

"Men even of the greatest genius acknowledge the influence of the age to which they belong, by a certain characteristic weakness."

The second :

"I hate all explanations; they who make them deceive either themselves or the other party — generally both."

What Von Looper, the eminent student of Goethe, says in his introduction to the "Maxims and Reflexions," is quite as applicable to Professor Blackie's citations :

"They describe our present epoch; almost all problems of modern existence and learning are, not indeed solved, but touched in a way that stimulates to a solution. Perhaps there is in all profane literature no work of equal pith in so small compass."

The same excellent authority again notes that the sententious element is almost wanting in these sayings, there being very few whose importance consists in any special beauty of diction, in any eloquent or ornate dress of the thought. Professor Blackie has, accordingly, done well to entitle his citations

"The Wisdom of Goethe," for it is wisdom, rather than eloquence, poetry, or graces of style, that meets us here. Not that Goethe despised good style; he was so rich in matter that he needed no rhetorical embellishment, nor did he ever sacrifice fact to figure, the truth to a trope. But he was an artist born and bred; his work was never unshapely, though carved like Angelo's figures out of enormous masses of rock. Of style, as of everything else, he has said the best word. It is striking to find him agreeing with the great Puritan poet, that he who would write noble poetry "ought himself to be a true poem; that is, a composition and pattern of the best and honorablest things." Goethe says:

"Altogether, the style of a writer is a faithful representation of his mind; therefore, if any man wishes to write a clear style, let him first be clear in his thoughts; and, if any would write in a noble style, let him first possess a noble soul, and live a noble life."

This, and much more upon the subject, will be found at pp. 136 to 138. It may seem strange to many to see the names of Goethe and Milton coupled; yet they are in some respects related spirits. If Goethe was not so virtuous as Milton, he was a greater moralist — yes, and a more genuinely Christian moralist. Let any one who deems this paradoxical, take pains to compare the citations in this book under the rubrics "Life, Character, and Morals," and "Religion," with any of Milton's doctrinal prose. "When I must needs cease to be ethical, my strength is gone," said Goethe of himself. Moral teaching is the most prominent characteristic of this little book; it is wonderfully rich in invaluable directions and suggestions for the right conduct of life.

I have said that this book furnishes excellent material for the better apprehension of Goethe's character. Some of his most notable qualities here revealed are his brotherly interest in all men; his freedom from the controversial itch; his patience with opposition, stupidity, and stolidity. Perhaps the one of Goethe's qualities most broadly exemplified in this work is his common sense — by which is in no wise meant a quality common among men, but a quality which, when found, is good for common use. Some of these maxims might have been spoken by Franklin, some by Shakespeare. Some have the air of resulting from the experience of a shrewd business-man — as indeed they do; others evidently emanate from an artist as consummate as Boileau or Pope. We meet here apothegms which Bacon might have spoken, thoughts rivalling Pascal's in profound originality, criticism as subtly penetrative as Sainte-Beuve's, imaginativeness as iridescent

as Shelley's. Since Solomon there has been no writer who has made so many practical observations upon the conduct of life; since Shakespeare no poet so variously imaginative; since Plato, no thinker so liberally cultivated.

MELVILLE B. ANDERSON.

THE STRUGGLE FOR EMPIRE IN THE
NORTHWEST.*

The desire of nations to acquire new territory, which in our days is sometimes called earth-hunger, has never been more conspicuously illustrated by any nation, ancient or modern, than by Great Britain. And of all her manifestations of this passion, none has been more remarkable or ignoble than her long struggle to secure what was once known as Oregon Territory, and which embraced all that portion of Montana which lies west of the Continental Divide, the present state of Oregon, and the territories of Idaho and Washington. Both by right of discovery, and also by right of prior settlement, that territory belonged to us; and yet so determined was Great Britain to gain possession of it, that, on one pretext or another, she postponed and put off the settlement of the northwestern boundary question from time to time for more than half a century. The story of the struggle which she made in the hope of winning this great prize is in itself an intensely interesting one.

The first four chapters of Dr. Barrows' history are devoted to a description of the possessions and policies of European powers in America at the end of the seventeenth century. Spain endeavors to secure vast dependencies here, and fails. France sells her claims, which doubtless brought all they were worth. Russia declines to take any hand in the contest. Great Britain alone is resolved on adding the western half of this continent, to which she never had any right, to her colonial possessions, and seemingly all the more resolved because she had lost the eastern half, to which she forfeited all right by her unjust and oppressive exactions. Though various navigators had sighted the northwestern coast before the middle of the seventeenth century, yet Captain Robert Gray, of Boston, was really the first discoverer of the country, when, in May, 1792, he entered the great river of the West, and gave to it the name of his good ship, the Columbia. The British came later, in the persons of the servants of their agent, the Hudson's Bay Company. A few years

subsequent to the chartering of this company, in 1670, by Charles II, it had virtually under its control a territory one-third larger than the whole of Europe, and larger, too, than our country as it is to-day, including Alaska. Its power was commensurate with the extent of its sway. It was as alert and tireless in promoting the interests and furthering the schemes of Great Britain as it was in promoting its own interests. Its servants were always traders, never settlers; and desiring to keep the lands over which their rule extended forever as a great game preserve for fur-bearing animals, they discouraged and resisted their occupation by permanent settlers. Occupation by them of the territory in dispute was never anything but temporary, and for purposes of trade with the Indians; whereas emigration thither by Americans who were seeking permanent homes began early, and, long before the final settlement of the vexed boundary question, had swelled to a considerable volume. The country was therefore clearly ours by the double right of discovery and of settlement. How Great Britain sought, by protracted, evasive, dilatory, tortuous and bullying diplomacy, to wrest it from our government, is told at length in this volume. It is a history in which the part played by Great Britain appears as exceedingly discreditable. She presents a most aggravated case of earth-hunger. Though as early as 1827, in a convention between her government and that of the United States, she solemnly conceded our right to the country as far as the forty-ninth parallel, yet afterward, and for a period of twenty years, she schemed and plotted, through her able and trusted agent, the Hudson's Bay Company and its servants, to gain the whole territory. It is probable that she would have succeeded but for the lofty patriotism and heroic daring of Dr. Marcus Whitman, a missionary of the American Board, laboring among the Indians of the Walla Walla Valley. The story of his ride on horseback, in the winter of 1842-3, over the Rockies and across the plains, that he might carry to Washington accurate representations of the resources and great value of the territory which he believed to be in danger, can hardly be surpassed, for steadfast purpose and marvellous endurance, by anything in the records of history. His report did much to enlighten our government as to the true character of the country in dispute, and to impart a new tone of firmness and urgency to our diplomatic dealings with our greedy and rapacious adversary. Three years after his visit, in 1846, Great Britain, reluctant to the last, finally consented to a treaty, in which it was

* OREGON: THE STRUGGLE FOR POSSESSION. By William Barrows. ("American Commonwealth Series.") Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

agreed that the forty-ninth parallel should be the boundary line between the two countries.

Dr. Barrows writes always from earnest conviction, with full knowledge of his subject, and often with great vigor. A defect in his writing is that the flow of his narrative is often interrupted and checked by eddies. But the contribution which he has made to American history is one of substantial and enduring worth.

GEORGE C. NOYES.

THEORIES OF WILL AND OF MORALS.*

Dr. Henry Maudsley has become an extended writer on philosophy. The present work is a voluminous discussion of the very difficult question of the will, and of the physiological and pathological points that bear upon it. We cannot regard Dr. Maudsley as either an interesting or instructive writer. The difficulty is not simply that his views are of an extreme order, that he regards mental facts as included in and involved with physical facts in a way that makes them parts of one procedure whose laws are those of causation; worse than this, he has no sufficient sense of the obscurity to other minds of his own positions, nor of the apparent and real force which attaches to opposed opinions. His mind is utterly dogmatic. Statements so difficult as hardly to convey a meaning to other persons, he accepts without hesitation; convictions that are first principles with persons of equal intelligence with himself, he brushes aside without appreciation.

We do not believe that Dr. Maudsley was called to be a philosopher. His horizon is not nearly wide enough; his intellectual sympathies are not nearly comprehensive enough; his discernment is not nearly deep enough. He may please and confirm those who believe, or are inclined to believe, as he does; he can hardly instruct or persuade those who disagree with him. He starts too far away from common ground, is too gross in his assertions, too blind in his denials. It is a good rule to read carefully those who disagree with us in philosophy; we have not been able to apply it successfully to the works of Dr. Maudsley. His profession and experience would seem especially to fit him to bring many interesting and instructive facts to the mixed discussions of mental physiology. Even here we are disappointed. His opinions are too extreme to make him a good observer. No man can give complicated and obscure facts who has not a

just appreciation of the theories involved in their interpretation. Sight cannot be substituted for insight.

Dr. Maudsley, while offering us as laborious and metaphysical a work as is often found in the English language, still seems to show the contempt of the empirical school of philosophy for metaphysics. "It might be hard to see an end to the inquiry were we once to set diligently to work to examine and to set forth how much innocent dupery we habitually practise upon ourselves in the region of metaphysics. Being compelled in so attenuated an atmosphere to make violent exertions in order to sustain a flight at all, we imagine that we are making a great advance when we are whirling in a circle, or are little better than stationary" (p. 23). We add the briefest illustrations of a few points: "'Tis 'I,' compact of nerve, muscle, gland, bone, who choose to resolve to do or not to do on each occasion, not any part or detached principle or sublimed essence of me" (p. 16). He regards mental facts as produced by physical facts "in the internal sense of consciousness," and explains the diversity of these impressions from those of the external senses by directing the attention to the differences of sensations that come through the eye and the ear. "The same object—the functioning brain—must necessarily produce a very different impression upon the internal sense of consciousness from that which it produces on the senses of an observer" (p. 100). But where the internal sense of consciousness is found, or how it happens that sights and sounds are both included under one form element, that of space, while the thoughts and the feelings have a form wholly their own, are unexplained. Thus the very gist of the difficulty remains wholly untouched by the elucidation.

Perhaps no one passage better illustrates his style of exposition than the following: "From the multitudinous collisions of men-tiferous undulations in the brain, and their consequent infinitely complicated refractions and reflections there—a sort of *avijptθμον γέλασμα* of brain-waves, such as one sees in the sunlit waves of ocean—eventually is evolved such a complex modification of undulations, or such a system of inconceivably rapid atom-quiverings, as expresses itself in a certain quasi-luminosity or phosphorescence—that is to say, in consciousness" (p. 102). If a half sentence can explain consciousness to this degree, what shall three hundred and thirty-three octavo pages accomplish? If we take this work as a whole, whatever we may think of its separate arguments, we do find some evidence that human opinions are variable and eccentric products of some obscure physical processes.

* BODY AND WILL. An Essay Concerning Will, in Its Metaphysical, Physiological, and Pathological Aspects. By Henry Maudsley, M.D. New York: D. Appleton and Co.

THE THEORY OF MORALS. By Paul Janet. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Those who have read Professor Janet's "Final Causes" will anticipate the character of this new work on "The Theory of Morals." The underlying principles are the same, and they are unfolded in the same clear, penetrative, comprehensive and deliberate method. Professor Janet does not hurry himself; he takes time for all needed enlargement, discussion, refutation. The thought is slowly progressive; but when the presentation is finished, a correspondingly strong impression has been made of its irrefutable character. He never satisfies himself with sharp and incisive statement, but fully occupies his own mind and the minds of others by looking at the subject from many points. He thereby wins the entire force of his thought, and justly makes the impression of philosophical power. He shares the national characteristic of a luminous and coherent method. He walks leisurely in the light.

Professor Janet is an intuitionist in this sense; he believes that the mind of man has penetrative, comprehensive power, by which it puts and answers with insight its own questions for itself. It knows its own nature, and what is involved therein. The problems of life are not put upon mind by nature, and then, in some equally obscure way, answered in mind from nature. The supernatural, the preëminence of mind over nature, the rising of the spirit to a point of real oversight, are fundamental facts with him. Nothing is expounded till it lies in this light of reason. If one will read Sidgwick's "Method of Ethics" and "The Theory of Morals," he will have before him excellent examples of the two contrasted forms of procedure in moral science, the empirical and the intuitionist. Professor Janet endeavors to avoid, and does avoid, the extreme positions of intuitionism. He regards the moral judgment as made up in full view of all the pleasures which flow from the several forms of human action, and to find, in a certain sense, its reason or ground of being in them. He takes issue with empiricism by denying that pleasures are of one order, and are therefore commensurate with each other; and by denying that pleasure is the entire, or even the chief, consideration in estimating conduct.

A fundamental idea in his scheme of ethics is the recognition by the reason of the possible perfection of human nature — termed by others worth, dignity, inviolability — and the relation of our several powers and modes of action to this perfection. Reason is credited at once with the power not only to discern good, but all the grades of good, in their relation to each other and to the supreme good, to wit, the perfect and free and harmonious

unfolding of living powers. With this vision before the mind, the reason is prepared, in no oversight of pleasure or indifference to it, to lay down for itself lines of action, and to impose them upon itself as duties. The intuitionism here advocated is neither blind to the truths of experience nor independent of them. These help each instant to disclose the premises on which it is acting. Neither, on the other hand, is it subject to this experience, a mere mechanism for its registration. The moral reason is penetrative, and puts its own estimates on pleasures in reference to the higher end of perfection, a vision which it has evoked for itself with artistic force, and of which it is profoundly enamored. Intuition is not thus intuition at one point only, that of law, but intuition at all points, reaching every moment the terms of life and its rational value. The human spirit thus becomes a true autocrat; it finds its ends within itself and pursues them by its own resources. The world of experience is the map on which it takes its path in this pursuit of its purposes.

"To discover the nature of good itself we began with an analysis of pleasure; pleasure led us to the conception of excellence or perfection, and this to the conception of happiness; and we defined good as the *identity of happiness and perfection*" (p. 133). In this passage he lays even more stress on happiness than his argument calls for. With the eye of reason full on the ideal good of developed and symmetrical powers, happiness may well sink somewhat into the background, as a simple incident of this attainment. There are two forms of happiness consequent on high and harmonized powers: the pleasures which the reason gives rise to by the sense of the presence and possession of such powers, and the pleasures which follow from the use of these powers in all external and social activity. The one set of pleasures is incident to the nature of reason and its delight in perfection; the other set follows from the constitution of the world as in extension of and harmony with that of man. The one involves insight into ourselves, the other turns on the constructive work of God. We see, we find, that we are only a portion of a world at one with us. In each case the chief happiness is incident to the vision, and flows from it. The vision is foremost, and the pleasure pervades it. Pleasure stands in the same relation to the insight of reason that heat does to the light of the sun. As the light increases the heat accompanies it and completes its vitalizing work.

The volume is divided into three parts: The Nature of Good, the Nature of Duty, and the Nature of Virtue. The discussion is

so full that, its fundamental principles being laid down, the mind of the reader leaps to the final result before it is reached by the author. Yet there is always some profit in keeping company with our leader along the way. Occasionally, as in the relation of right and duty, the statement hardly attains its usual clearness and sufficiency. In this instance there seems to be some vacillation between right as a moral law, and right—or rights—as a claim against others.

JOHN BASCOM.

RECENT FICTION.

The English translation of Topelius's Swedish "Surgeon's Stories" has advanced to the third cycle, or volume, and to Charles XII and his times. The exciting episodes and grand events with which the period is crowded, render this, in some respects, the most notable volume of the series. Though not so grand an historic figure as King Gustaf Adolf, Charles XII is more picturesque, and takes a stronger hold on the imagination. His portraiture by Professor Topelius is, as was to be expected, masterly. The career of the great king is sketched from boyhood to its close, and we have a figure which, lacking the artificial glamour thrown upon it by Voltaire, is more satisfactorily human, and will better sustain scrutiny under the side-lights of history. Charles's motives and the controlling forces of his character are made plain, with little enough of flattery in the analysis. Topelius never allows his readers to forget that it is not alone Charles's military glory that is the inheritance of Sweden, but also the woes that followed his victorious career, and that his very victories entailed upon his country. The historian and story-teller is not less a moralist; and the moral that lies in his whole portrayal is more impressive than that stated by Voltaire: "Surely there is no sovereign who ought not to be cured of the madness of conquering by a study of the history of Charles

XII, for where is the sovereign who can say, 'I have greater courage, more virtues, more resolution, more strength of body, greater skill in war, or better troops, than Charles XII'? If, with all these favorable circumstances, and after so many victories, he was so unfortunate, what may other princes expect who have as much ambition with less talent and fewer resources?" The story part of this series is well sustained in the present volume, and will be to most readers, as was doubtless intended by the author, a source of interest superior to the historical element. The romantic mystery surrounding the "king's ring" continues its spell, and some of the familiar characters of previous volumes reappear. The story is not all of war and violence; romantic love-passages and peaceful episodes in the social life of the period lend their charm to the narrative, and are managed with admirable literary art to relieve the sterner and more exciting passages. The "Interludes," showing us the Surgeon surrounded by the little group of friends to whom he tells these stories, are delightful bits of humorous writing, and illustrate the remarkable grace and versatility of Professor Topelius's pen.

"An Ambitious Woman" is a more ambitious effort in fiction than any heretofore made by Edgar Fawcett. It is a story of New York life, and tells the tale of a girl who, from low and vulgar surroundings, succeeds, by virtue of innate aristocratic instincts inherited from her father, in conquering for herself a position upon the highest round of the social ladder. The position thus attained is enjoyed for a brief moment, and then she sees that in the wheel of fortune

"There is a point

To which, if men aspire, they tumble headlong."

Not only are the accessories of the earlier part of the story essentially vulgar, but they are vulgarly treated; and this vulgarity of manner is not wholly eliminated in any portion of the book. Vulgarity of matter is not to be avoided in the story of a woman with whom the wish for social success constitutes the strongest motive of life; but even with subject-matter of so unpleasant a kind, the treatment might have been of a more refined nature. The chief thing that may be shown by a novel upon such a theme is that the nature of the ambition which it portrays is debasing, and is bound to stifle whatever fine instincts a woman may possess. This, it is true, is shown, although imperfectly, and to a certain extent goes to redeem the book. The final reconciliation between the injured husband and the ambitious wife would be an

*TIMES OF CHARLES XII. (Vol. III of "The Surgeon's Stories.") Translated from the Swedish of Z. Topelius. Chicago: Jansen, McClurg & Co.

AN AMBITIOUS WOMAN. By Edgar Fawcett. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

GUENN: A WAVE ON THE BRETON COAST. By Blanche Willis Howard. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

TO LEeward. By F. Marion Crawford. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

ARIUS, THE LIBYAN. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

THE MATE OF THE DAYLIGHT, AND FRIENDS ASHORE. By Sarah Orne Jewett. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

BEYOND THE GATES. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, author of "The Gates Ajar." Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

THE JEWEL IN THE LOTOS. By Mary Agnes Tineker. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

impossible one were his own life pitched upon a much higher plane than hers; as it is, it is the natural, but lame and impotent, outcome of a situation mainly created by low aims and motives. Such situations are of course common enough in life, but to the portrayal of this there do not seem to be brought in any marked degree any of those higher powers which can give to a work of fiction enduring value. In the way of positive merits, the book has a good terse style, and affords a realistic picture of American fashionable society.

Miss Howard's stories are always surprises, and the one just published is quite as much so as either of those which have preceded it. "Guenn" is a story of artist life in Brittany, that paradise of artists. It is told with a singular charm, and evinces as much familiarity with Breton sea-coast village life as could reasonably be expected from one who has made but a short sojourn there. Guenn is a wild untutored Breton girl — very much of the type of Ouida's Cigarette; a type, it must be confessed, concerning whose actual existence grave doubts may be entertained, but an exceedingly interesting one for all that. A party of artists spend the winter in her village, and one of them, who has from the start been desirous of obtaining Guenn for a model, succeeds at last in taming her. It is a difficult task, but the victory once gained is a complete one. She comes passionately to love him, who has for her no thought except as concerns his art. The picture finished, he takes his departure; and Guenn, in her despair, drowns herself. This is the outline of a story which is told at great length and in a very graceful manner. After the heroine, the best conceived character in the book is that of Thymert, the young island priest, who loves her as deeply as she herself loves the artist, but whose vows forbid that he shall make it known, and whose energies are crushed by her sad fate. The peculiarities and the race feeling which even to the present day isolate the Breton people from the rest of the nation, and make of their country, even to Frenchmen, almost a foreign land, are well brought out in this clever story.

The quality of Mr. Crawford's latest novel, "To Leeward," is better than might have been expected in consideration of the fact that it is the fourth work of the kind that he has put forth within a space of less than two years. It has the characteristics that mainly go to make up a good novel. The characters are few and well drawn, while their relations are carefully worked out. The action is dis-

played upon a background of Italian scenery, which is not made too prominent, but which could not have been done as well by one who had not made that country the place of an extended sojourn and the object of much faithful observation. The story is a simple one, and its main elements are as old as romance or as human life itself; but its author has brought to a conception, in itself threadbare, something of that power which can impart freshness to the most outworn theme. It may be fairly said of it that it is as good as any of our current American fiction, and that is the most that any one could claim for it. The many reflections upon life and society which are here and there thrown in are not obtrusive, and they are well said. Take as an example this: "Duelling may be a conventional thing, but so is the 'honor' of society at large. It is a patchwork affair altogether, and some of the pieces are clean and some are exceedingly dirty; nevertheless it is hung bravely up for a curtain, and it covers a great many more sins than charity ever did." If Mr. Crawford will resist the incentives to much writing that must be offered him just now, if he will make some sacrifices for the sake of doing the best that is in him, he may take a high rank among American writers.

The great ecclesiastical drama of the fourth century, or rather the first portentous act of this drama, closing with the Council of Nice, is the historical subject of "Arius, the Libyan." The subject and the man are both so great that the one who treats them should be able to treat them greatly. To do this, however, is beyond the power of the writer of the present volume. The historical outlines are weakly drawn; some glimpse is indeed given of the immense and far-reaching consequences of the policy of Constantine to the history of the Christian church, but it is with an effort that we transport ourselves in thought to the scene of action. So with the questions of doctrine involved in the struggle: we have given us the bare form, with little of the spirit. To reveal to us the spiritual life of the early Christians is not, indeed, unattempted, and the failure to accomplish this is truly pathetic. Many of the religious discussions of which the book is chiefly made up are strangely familiar to us. We recognize them as belonging to the stock-in-trade of the orthodox clergyman of to-day. We have heard that sermon about miracles so many times that we might have been spared it here, although it is cheering to know that it is some fifteen centuries old, and that it may sometime die of extreme age. When we think of the possibilities of the subject of this book,

and of what such a writer as Charles Kingsley, with his power of penetrating into the spiritual life of a remote epoch, could have made of it, the disappointment is great.

A few of the aspects of old-fashioned New England country life furnish the subject-matter of a volume by Sarah Orne Jewett, called, from the first of the eight sketches which it includes, "The Mate of the Day-light." They are sketches rather than stories, and it is as such alone that they are possessed of interest. The bareness, the crudity, the provincialism of the life which they picture is well depicted, although Howells has done it much better. "Heaven only knows the story of the lives that the gray old New England farm-houses have sheltered and hidden away from curious eyes as best they might. Stranger dramas than have ever been written belong to the dull looking, quiet houses, that have seen generation after generation live and die." This is very profoundly true, but Miss Jewett has shown us little of it in this volume. She has not gone far below the surface, nor can we gain much insight into the deeper recesses of this life from a perusal of her work.

One must confess to some misgivings in placing Miss Phelps's "Beyond the Gates" in the category of fiction; yet she, we suppose, would scarcely claim for it a basis of fact. It is a dream, or fantasy, in which the author's imagination has been required to make an undue exertion in carrying her to and beyond the border-land between the material and the spiritual world. The recital would doubtless be more impressive had not Miss Phelps done much the same thing once before, and infinitely better. The spirit that floated so buoyantly within sight of the "Gates Ajar" returns with rumpled wings from the attempt to soar beyond. For a glimpse of things celestial, we must still prefer St. John to Miss Phelps.

"The Jewel in the Lotos" is the somewhat incomprehensible title of a new novel by Mary Agnes Tincker. It is a story of Italian life, and has what value may be given it by a truthful presentation of many of the details of this life. Otherwise, it is worthless. The story is without interest, the characterization is weak, and the style is bad. These defects are found equally throughout the book. The latter part of it has, in addition to these, the more glaring one which is due to the introduction of an element of religious controversy and the assumption of a polemical tone.

NEW BOOKS OF POETRY.*

The new collection of English Verse, edited by Linton and Stoddard, is not in all respects what was to be expected from the announcements made concerning it. It is certainly not the largest yet undertaken, as is claimed for it by the publishers. There are in the five volumes some sixteen hundred duodecimo pages of poetry, which is considerably less than the thousand or more double-columned octavo pages of such collections as Bryant's or Field and Whipple's. On the other hand, as regards accuracy and careful editing, it is, although far from perfect, superior to the large one-volume collections. Its superiority to Ward in this respect is not as marked, and it does not give to each of the greater poets those introductory sketches which make Ward's collection of such value. Each volume has, to be sure, an introductory chapter from the pen of Mr. Stoddard, which is valuable as far as it goes, but is necessarily very incomplete. For example, that which is prefixed to the volume of "Dramatic Scenes" says nothing of the post-Elizabethan drama, although about one-third of the volume is devoted to it; and that prefixed to the volume of "Translations" deals only with the early translators of Homer and Virgil. There are indexes of first lines and of subjects, but none of authors, which would surely have been preferable. On the other hand, dates and full names of authors are accurately given, which is a very valuable feature in such a work; and the brief notes, which are largely bibliographical, are very useful for reference. The first volume of the series is entitled

* ENGLISH VERSE. Edited by W. J. Linton and R. H. Stoddard. In five volumes. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

POEMS. By Frederick Locker. New York: White, Stokes & Allen.

POEMS AND SWEDISH TRANSLATIONS. By Frederick Peterson, M.D. Buffalo: Peter Paul & Brother.

STRAY CHORDS. By Julia R. Anagnos. Boston: Cupples, Upham & Co.

THE ODES OF HORACE. Complete, in English Rhyme and Blank Verse. By Henry Hubbard Pierce, U.S.A. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

THE EARLY POETICAL WORKS OF FRANKLIN E. DENTON. Cleveland, Ohio.

BRANGOR: A TRAGEDY. By George H. Calvert. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

THE GOLDEN TREASURY of the Best Songs and Lyrical Poems in the English Language, Selected and Arranged, with Notes, by Francis Turner Palgrave. With a Continuation, embracing Selections from the Works of Recent and Living English Poets. Edited by John Foster Kirk. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

THE POETRY OF OTHER LANDS. Compiled by N. Clemon Hunt. Philadelphia: Porter & Coates.

ENGLISH LYRICS. ("Parchment Series.") New York: D. Appleton & Co.

THE POETRY OF THE ORIENT. By W. R. Alger. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

IN NAZARETH TOWN, AND OTHER POEMS. By John W. Chadwick. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

"From Chaucer to Burns"; its contents are chiefly lyrical, and it fairly represents non-dramatic English poetry up to the present century. One thing, however, calls for an indignant protest: Of all the lyrics of Shakespeare, there are two which have a sweetness even beyond their fellows; one of these is, "Take, oh take those lips away," and the other is, "Roses, their sharp spines being gone." Now it happens that to the first of these a second stanza was appended by Fletcher, and the second of them is contained in the play which was the joint workmanship of Shakespeare and Fletcher. In this volume they are both credited to Fletcher! Any one with an ear for music does not need to be told that Fletcher, sovereign poet though he was, could no more have written either of these than he could have written "King Lear." A lesser grievance, although a just one, may be found in the fact that Pope is represented solely by the insignificant "Ode on Solitude." Granting that Pope did not possess the true poetic instinct, he was in his way too great a writer, and plays too conspicuous a part in English Verse, to make such neglect other than unfair. "Lyrics of the 19th Century" is the title of the second volume of this collection, and one is filled with wonder at some of the selections made. We will give one of the most striking instances: Under Coleridge, room is found for the damnable lines "To a Young Ass," and we look in vain for either of the great odes to "France" or "The Departing Year." The third volume contains "Ballads and Romances," about half the volume being made up of traditional ballad poetry, the remainder consisting of work of this kind by known writers. The fourth volume contains "Dramatic Scenes and Characters," and is altogether the most satisfactory of the series—although we must say that Swinburne might have been better represented than he is by the scene from "Chastelard," the weakest of his dramas. The fifth volume, containing "Translations," calls for more extended mention. Such a volume may be compiled upon two different theories. It may aim to give some general idea of the literature of the world at large, or it may simply attempt to include such works only as shall, by their absolute merits as so much verse written in the English language, be especially worthy of preservation. This volume is prepared upon the former and less preferable plan. We consequently find it to contain poems from all languages from Greek to Chinese; selections from the Kalevala and the Talmud. This would be right enough were the theory consistently applied; but when we look in vain for

selections from such poets as Lucretius, and such poems as the "Divine Comedy," we begin to wonder if the book be indeed constructed upon this plan. Coming now to the selections made, we find them to be more amazing than in either of the preceding volumes. All of Homer that we find is from Chapman; Browning has made the best English translations of *Aeschylus* and *Euripides* that there are, but here we find Miss Swanwick and Dean Alford. Other selections may be found as singular as these. In a number of cases it happens that we have in English two translations of the same thing—one a piece of good mechanical work, and the other breathing the very spirit and filled with the very melody of the original: in such cases especial care seems to have been taken to select the wooden one, rather than that which has the ring of the true metal,—MacCarthy's translation of the scene from *Calderon*, for instance, the very scene which Shelley translated so incomparably well. Still more to the point is Villon's "Ballad of Dead Ladies," of which Payne's translation is given, in seeming ignorance of the fact that Dante Rossetti has made of the same poem a translation so perfect that for once, perhaps, translation leaves nothing to be desired. We have seen that concerning the work as a whole much fault may justly be found; more, perhaps, than would be justified were we dealing with a work which made less pretensions. But yet it is a valuable one; of all existing English anthologies, it is, after all, the one to be preferred.

The American public has every reason to be grateful for the re-publication in this country of the "London Lyrics" of Mr. Frederick Locker. The lyrics are among the most graceful specimens of a class of verse which is quite a feature of English poetry, having been cultivated in the past by many good poets, notably Herrick, Prior, Praed, and Thackeray, and no less in the past than in the present, as is witnessed by the names of Dobson, Calverley, and Locker. In our own country, this kind of poetry is chiefly represented by Holmes. Its distinguishing qualities are pathos, fancy, and humor: humor of the lighter kind, which is not ashamed to stoop to an occasional pun; fancy which rarely becomes imagination; pathos which just avoids being tragic. Mr. Locker himself defines it as follows: "Light lyrical verse should be short, elegant, refined and fanciful, not seldom distinguished by chastened sentiment, and often playful, and it should have one uniform and simple design. The tone should not be pitched high, and the language should be idiomatic, the rhythm crisp and sparkling, the rhyme

frequent and never forced, while the entire poem should be marked by tasteful moderation, high finish, and completeness. Each piece cannot be expected to exhibit all these characteristics, but the qualities of brevity and buoyancy are essential." Concerning the former of these two essentials, he says in one of the lyrics:

"If readers now don't think them short,
Posterity will cut them shorter."

Two of the shortest of these poems will serve to show how Mr. Locker's theory accords with his practice. The first is called "A Terrible Infant."

"I recollect a nurse call'd Ann,
Who carried me about the grass.
And one fine day a fine young man
Came up, and kissed the pretty lass;
She did not make the least objection!
Thinks I, Aha!
When I can talk I'll tell mamma!
And that's my earliest recollection."

The second of these we have chosen is graver in tone; it is called "The Unrealized Ideal."

"My only love is always near,—
In country or in town,
I see her twinkling feet, I hear
The whisper of her gown.

"She foots it ever fair and young,
Her locks are tied in haste,
And one is o'er her shoulder flung,
And hangs below her waist.

"She ran before me in the meads;
And down this world-worn track
She leads me on; but while she leads
She never gazes back.

"And yet her voice is in my dreams,
To witch me more and more;
That wooring voice! Ah me, it seems
Less near me than of yore.

"Lightly I sped when hope was high,
And youth beguiled the chase,—
I follow, follow still; but I
Shall never see her face."

Verse like this stands a very fair chance of immortality. It perfectly accomplishes that which it sets before itself.

"The poet-voice that swells
To lofty truths, or noble curses,"

may get nearer to the heart of things, but cannot deliver its message in words more fully befitting that which it has to say. The volume which contains these poems is as exquisite a piece of work as any of its contents.

A fairly good but uneven translation of the "Axel" of Bishop Tegnér, is the most important thing in Dr. Peterson's "Poems and Swedish Translations." To the majority of English readers, Tegnér is known solely as the author of the "Frithiof's Saga," to which some score of translators have devoted themselves—none, it must be confessed, with very marked success. Of his other poems, "The Children of the Lord's Supper," the object of one of the best translations that Longfellow ever made, and "Axel," are the most impor-

tant. The volume contains also a number of shorter translations from Runeberg and lesser Swedish poets, and of one of Ibsen's lyrics. The best bit of translation is perhaps that of "Norrländ," from Grafström. Rather more than half the volume is made up of short poems, lyrical in character, by Dr. Peterson. Of the majority of these the less that is said the better. They are lacking in the instinct of song, that no amount of study or culture alone can give. Occasionally, as in the "Blue-bells Chorus," a true lyric note is struck and sustained; but in most cases the initial melody is quickly marred by a faulty rhyme or the use of an unpoetical word.

What has been said of the above will also largely apply to the volume entitled "Stray Chords," by Julia R. Anagnos. This verse is written in better English, and is not as purely subjective as the other, an interest being attached to many of the pieces by their historical or artistic subject-matter; but making allowance for this, there seems to be no sufficient reason for calling the world's attention to it. Such verse is within the reach of almost any highly cultured, sympathetic and industrious writer. To produce it may be an acute personal pleasure, and it may be a source of genuine satisfaction to the circle of the producer's friends; but it has little to tell the world outside. In "The Singer," one of the best of these pieces, the question is put:

"What shall the minstrel say?
All hath been sung."

To which the answer must ever be that the one who believes this can indeed say nothing; that all has not been, nor ever may be, said or sung; that the first thing requisite in one who puts forth a new utterance shall be the firm assurance that there is much that is both unsaid and unsung, and that his utterance shall express some portion thereof. The writer of these "Stray Chords" is not without talent, but one such poem as her mother's "Battle Hymn of the Republic" would outweigh all of her pieces. The book is very neatly executed from the mechanical point of view.

Captain Henry Hubbard Pierce, who just now hails from Washington Territory, has published what he calls a popular translation of a portion of Horace—of the four books of odes, the Secular Hymn, and a couple of the epodes. It is in reality about as much of a translation as Pope's Homer, and is also, like that famous paraphrase, "very pretty." This said, there is little to add. It will in no way take the place of the scholarly work of Lytton, Theodore Martin, and the rest, being so far from the requirements of genuine translation. Considered as a paraphrase, it is very

neatly done. The writer makes use of various metres, and seems particularly skilful in handling anapests. The fact that Horace is the most untranslatable of all Latin poets affords special justification for such an attempt as this.

There is something of pathos in the poetry of youth, to whose innocent appeal even the most hardened critic cannot be quite insensible. Novel as the idea may seem, these functionaries do not invariably choose the weak and helpless as objects of attack. They are even capable of preferring to prick with their pen-points the high-sailing literary windbags of the time, rather than the toy balloons of juvenile aeronauts. It is only their pity or their conscience that compels them to speak so plainly to their young friends—to warn them that though their balloons are very pretty balloons, and innocent as playthings, it must be remembered that they are only toy balloons after all, not fitted to carry them into the high and perilous regions of fame; and that to persuade them otherwise is surely to give them very bad advice, and expose them to some pretty rough tumbles. It is probable that Mr. Franklin E. Denton, whose pretty toy balloon, filled with a thin breath of song, appears to have beguiled his youthful hours among the Ohio woods, is one of the numberless victims of these bad advisers. The chief responsibility for the launch of his aerial craft into a wider flight evidently belongs to one A. G. R., who somewhat gushingly introduces his prodigy to the world. Indiscriminate praise we should suppose to be about the most dangerous thing one could bestow upon a novice in either aeronautic or poetic art. It would have been a much better service to Mr. Denton to tell him plainly that his work shows only the merest germ of poetic promise, and in the main is crude, bombastic, and silly; that he may possibly develop the power to write decent verses, but not unless he quite overcomes the delusion that what he has produced is poetry.

Mr. George H. Calvert, the author of "Brangonar, A Tragedy," and at least nineteen other volumes, is scarcely in a position to bring to his defence the plea of boyishness. His are no flowers of youthful fancy, no firstlings of a timid rustic muse. His verse, which may with peculiar appropriateness be called blank, has a well tanned and curried, a dried and seasoned character, that stamps it with the mark of hopeless maturity. Regarded either as a play or a poem, his tragedy is sad stuff; and if by it one may judge the quality of all his work, his calling to be a poet is about as urgent as Ben Butler's, for instance, to be a seraph.

For more than a score of years Palgrave's "Golden Treasury" has justly been regarded as the choicest collection of poetry in the English language. Though small in size, and limited in extent—its plan including only songs and lyrics, and closing with Wordsworth,—yet within its range its contents are well called golden. The great popularity of the work, and the richness of the poetic material accumulated since the period with which it closed (1830), has led Mr. Kirk, the accomplished editor of "Lippincott's Magazine," to prepare a supplemented edition, continuing the representation to the present time. The original four books of the "Treasury" are reprinted without change, and a fifth book contains the matter added by Mr. Kirk. This is, so far as it goes, well chosen, and adds appreciably to the value of the work. Of course, within the limited space, no attempt was made to make the selections representative. The authors included are Tennyson, the Brownings, Matthew Arnold, Kingsley, the Rossettis, Swinburne, Clough, Jean Ingelow, Landor, Leigh Hunt, and Blanco White. No American author is represented.

The volume called "Poetry of Other Lands" is a collection of translations made upon a very different plan from the volume in Linton and Stoddard's series. Its aim has been to include only such matter as is worthy of preservation in its translated form. If anything of a great poet has been particularly well translated, there is here a place for it; if not, then that poet is not represented. Many of the selections made are taken from periodicals and out-of-the-way corners, where they have been long lying neglected. A large amount of really good matter is obtained from this source. Those which are obtained from more accessible places are taken mostly from the older school of translators; Sir John Bowring's miscellaneous translations, for example, and Lord Lytton's Schiller, are largely drawn from. The younger school, which has given us so much good work, and so raised the standard of translation in general, is not adequately represented. Goethe and Schiller, Horace and Michel Angelo, are especially prominent, and a large number of selections are made from the Greek Anthology, so many of whose gems have been often and well rendered in English. The book as a whole may be said to be, what the compiler hopes it will prove, "a valuable companion volume to any of the encyclopædias of English poetry."

A volume of "English Lyrics" is an accession to the "Parchment Series." It affords an excellent supplement to the volume of odes edited by Gosse, and a companion to the

volume of French Lyrics edited by Saintsbury. Our literature is so much richer than any other in poems of this description, that the compilation of a small volume like this is a very delicate task. The *embarras de richesse* makes it difficult to choose. Of this task the editor has acquitted himself very creditably. Wyatt is the first and Wordsworth the last of the poets represented, who are eighty in number. About half of the lyrics are those which are familiar to all lovers of poetry; the others are much less known, but for the most part no less deserving of being known. It is to the skill which has brought many of these from their hiding-places that our thanks are especially due. Each reader will doubtless miss something which it will seem to him should by no means be omitted, but it would be ungenerous too closely to criticise a selection which has been governed by such uniform good taste. It must not be forgotten that to attempt to satisfy all readers would make it necessary to fill several volumes of this size.

Mr. Alger's "Poetry of the Orient" has been long before the public, whose favor has led to the present new edition, with revisions and some new matter. The work of gathering and translating this material, chiefly from French and German sources, has engaged Mr. Alger's enthusiastic industry for many years. The volume really supplies, and well supplies, a want in English literature.

Mr. Chadwick's volume contains two or three dozens of short pieces, largely religious or devotional in character, and blameless enough in sentiment and construction. The book is a very neat one mechanically, and coming from a much loved pastor like Mr. Chadwick, must be capable of affording sincere pleasure to his parishioners.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

MR. JULIAN'S "Political Recollections" (Jansen, McClurg & Co) form one of those volumes, half history and half personal reminiscence, that, if well written, and coming from one who has really something to tell, are always an engaging species of literature. His public life was crowded with memorable incidents, and they are narrated in a plain and unpretentious but effective style. The work is, in substance, a succinct and forcible account of the anti-slavery struggle in America, by a prominent participant. Mr. Julian was among the earliest of those who saw the necessity of political organization to resist the encroachments of slavery. He was one of the founders of the world-famous "Liberty Party," and in 1852 held the second place on its presidential ticket. For twenty-one years in succession—from 1848 to 1868, inclusive—he represented an Indiana district

in Congress. He was active in the formation and leadership of the Republican party, and held positions of great responsibility in Congress during the war. With such an experience, a man needs only to tell what he has seen and known, to make a thoroughly readable book and an important contribution to the history of his time. Perhaps the most entertaining feature of Mr. Julian's volume is its personal allusions. He gives us glimpses of nearly all the great figures of his time, as they appeared to him; and although his style shows he was a man of very positive opinions, and a tolerably good hater, his frankness leaves no hidden animus toward those whom he portrays. When he disliked a man, as was not seldom the case, he leaves the reader no cause to doubt the fact. His scoring of Morton and Grant and Conkling is as severe as his tributes to Greeley and Chase and Gerrit Smith are tender. Mr. Julian was undoubtedly a man entirely devoted to his convictions. To no other, indeed, was such a career as his possible. And the same sense of duty which made him espouse the anti-slavery cause in its feebleness led him to abandon the Republican party when it appeared to him to have quite lost the influence of its earlier traditions, and to have fallen into evil ways and hands. Early in 1872 it became clear that the renomination of Grant was inevitable; and, feeling that he could not support him "without sinning against decency and self-respect," he declined peremptorily a proffered Republican nomination to Congress, and soon after joined the "Liberal Republican" movement. His account of the Greeley campaign, and of the many pure and distinguished men who shared in that gallant forlorn hope, is one of the most interesting chapters of the book. It was Mr. Julian's singular fortune to enter and to retire from active political life amidst a storm of unpopularity and personal abuse. When he joined the detested "Abolition" cause, he was a favorite subject for such choice epithets as "amalgamationist," "woolly-head," "apostle of disunion," and "orator of free dirt." "It was," he says, "a standing charge of the Whigs that I carried in my pocket a lock of the hair of Frederick Douglass, to regale my senses with its aroma when I grew faint." These endearments were the fit precursors of the "large supply of eggs" provided for his entertainment when speaking for Greeley in an Indiana tour, and of the epithets "sorehead," "renegade," "apostate," "rebel," etc., that graced the political vocabulary of the later period; the men most bitter in these attacks being in many cases those who had "distinguished themselves by mobbing Abolitionism in the day of its weakness." But Mr. Julian was evidently not the sort of man to be abolished by bad eggs or worse epithets; otherwise he would have had no political career, and no occasion to write "Political Recollections."

IT is surprising how meagre English literature is in histories of the European States. We have nothing approaching at a distance to the admirable German series, and the few works that we possess are for the most part quite old, so that, however excellent they may have been when published, they can-

not be expected to present the results of the latest scholarship. It is therefore with great satisfaction that we welcome Professor Tuttle's scholarly "History of Prussia" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). It only reaches the accession of Frederic the Great, at which point, the writer says, "even the general reader will strike comparatively familiar ground." The moderate-sized volume is able to cover the period before this event as fully as is necessary for American readers who do not care to study the great works of Droysen, Ranke, and others. Mr. Tuttle has made excellent use of these larger works, and has given an admirable sketch especially of "The Development of the Constitution." We are glad to see that he has kept himself free from the *chauvinistic* bias of some of these Prussian writers, and does not attempt to justify the arbitrary proceedings of the Hohenzollerns; the internal policy of the Great Elector in particular comes in for vigorous but not unreasonable criticism from the point of view of the higher political morality. We are somewhat disappointed in Chapter II ("Early Society and Institutions") not to find a more definite statement of the structure of society and political institutions under the feudal régime. Of course it was not necessary to define and describe feudalism as an institution; but feudalism in Germany had so many peculiar features, and the several countries of Germany differed so much from one another in feudal details, that we hoped to find here a descriptive analysis of the feudal system as it existed in Brandenburg, and its relation to that of the rest of Germany. The chapter as a whole is excellent, giving a very good sketch of the government of Brandenburg under the Ascanian dynasty; but what we miss is something that lies back of this. There is an instructive map of Prussia at the death of Frederic William I, but it would have added to its value if the successive acquisitions of territory had been indicated; the territorial growth of the electorate, which is very well treated in the text, would have thus been presented perspicuously before the eye. So, too, with dynastic relations; we have no fault to find with their treatment, but it would have been easy to enlarge the genealogical table on page 489 by the addition of the Prussian branch of the house of Hohenzollern and thus make the relation to this branch and to the house of Cleves far more clear than any amount of description can do. For criticism in detail we find little occasion, but we think the note at the foot of page 50 gives a wrong impression: what is understood by *Magdeburgisches Recht* is not the municipal law of Magdeburg, but the sum of rights and privileges, principally in relation to trade, enjoyed by the city of Magdeburg, which were especially favorable, and which were taken as the type of such privileges when granted to cities in Poland, Prussia, etc. It was the chief instrument in the extension of German civilization in the countries of the East. Again, in the note on page 62, it is implied that the English *hide* was about thirty acres; as a matter of fact it was a varying quantity, but it may be assumed to have been on the average two hundred acres.

THE title of "The Wild Tribes of the Soudan," given to a thick, showy octavo volume, written by F. L. James and published by Dodd, Mead & Co., contains more promise than the contents of the work fulfil. One is naturally led by it to expect a comprehensive and at least semi-scientific account of the native races inhabiting the large range of territory south of Egypt, known as the Soudan. What we find is simply a record of a hunting trip in the Basé country — a small tract between the Egyptian province of Takar and Abyssinia. The region has been hitherto unexplored, and, moreover, abounds in game of noble species; therefore it is a highly attractive spot for the adventurous Englishman, who loves nothing so well as sporting and travel in places the most remote and difficult of access, where hardships are inevitable and pluck and endurance in constant request. Mr. James was one of a party of seven sons of Albion, who set out from Cairo, Dec. 1, 1881, for an exploration of the Basé land. They were accompanied by seven servants and two dogs, and encumbered by an elaborate outfit comprising astronomical instruments, photographic apparatus, appliances for hunting, requisites for a luxurious cuisine, with other equipments which a wealthy Briton considers essential to his comfort in the metropolis or the wilderness. The entry into Soudan was made by the port of Sonakim on the Red Sea. Thence the route lay across the desert to Cassala, a town of 15,000 inhabitants, and on to Hoikota, and other minor points in the Basé country. The party met with the usual obstacles to travel in the wilds of Africa, but were not in any manner seriously impeded or embarrassed during their expedition. Their object was sport, and this they found in hunting the lion, panther, elephant, rhinoceros, antelope, etc. Their tour extended through six months, and was regarded by them as completely successful. Mr. James, the historian of the expedition, is, though an educated gentleman, more of a sportsman than a man of letters, and furnishes very meagre information outside of the daily petty details of life in a hunter's camp. Some interesting facts are given concerning the condition and habits of the Basé tribe, but far less definite knowledge is presented, of them or of the country in which they dwell than the reader has reason to anticipate in the narrative of one who had Mr. James's opportunities for observing both. The book is illustrated with engravings after photographs taken by a member of the party, and is provided with two good maps and an index.

No idea in our time has been more fruitful, and fruitful in more departments, than that of evolution. Mr. Spencer has applied it to philosophy in a manner which has compelled the best minds of the world, whether or not accepting any considerable portion of his conclusions, to recognize the stimulative and suggestive character of his work. Mr. John Fiske has pursued the same line of thought, has presented the conclusions of Mr. Spencer with new force, and has in many directions enlarged and completed them. Mr. Fiske is a clear, vigorous,

and interesting writer; and handles his topics in a continuous and progressive way. His latest work upon this subject, "The Excursions of an Evolutionist" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), is made up of fourteen essays, some of them closely and others but slightly connected. The pre-historic history of man occupies the earlier essays. These are followed by historic discussions, and discussions on distinct points in evolution. The volume is closed with a sympathetic tribute to the memory of Charles Darwin. Mr. Fiske is particularly successful in his historic presentations. "The Causes of Persecutions" and "The Origins of Protestantism" are both good examples of perspicuous and penetrative interpretation. The essay on "Evolution and Religion" was given as a speech at the farewell dinner at New York in honor of Mr. Spencer. While the extreme view of evolution held by Mr. Spencer and Mr. Fiske—the absolute continuity and identity both of substance and law in the universe—does not give any sufficient basis of religious faith; while they themselves designate the object of faith as the Unknown—not in a qualified but in an exact sense,—the strong disposition now shown by them to find the germs of religion in the cosmical constitution, and to recognize them as a necessary and conspicuous element in evolution, is an unexpected proof of the force of religious conviction. An evolution that looks on the present as resting on the past and as a direct organic continuation of it, yet as pushing forward to a comprehensive purpose, and receiving constant increments in its fulfilment, finds ever renewed occasion for an unknown Known Potency; but an evolution that carries its entire resources with it at every stage can hardly have, as it seems to us, the need of even an Unknown Potency. If such Potency still presses in without service into human thought, it may also, once present, make for itself there an unexpected and admirable service.

THE least utterance of so great a writer as Tourgueniev is a thing of value. That which taken by itself, or coming from an unknown hand, would have no great significance, becomes full of meaning when we know it to spring from such a source. Each thought, each idea, shines with a light reflected from many others, as well as with what is inherent in itself. So these "Poems in Prose," translated from the French and published by Cupples, Upham & Co., are of deep interest as the last utterances of the man to whom, upon the authority of "The Atheneum," "Europe has been unanimous in according the first rank in contemporary literature." But aside from this derivative interest, they have another more immediate; there is about many of them an imaginative power that could not fail to arrest the attention were they the work of an unknown hand. Those called "A Dialogue," "The Nymphs," and "The Sphinx," are examples of this. Others again, such as "The Blockhead" and "Two Quatrains," are filled with that delicate species of satire of which Tourgueniev was such a master. Perhaps the most heartfelt of these short pieces is

the one called "The Sphinx"; for the Russian peasant, with his "deep, dumb and enigmatic eyes," the inheritor of centuries of oppression, stands yet awaiting an Oedipus who shall read his riddle aright. The instinct that here impels the writer to represent his countryman in the guise of the Sphinx was that which dictated the last word of his last great work. "Nameless Russia," is the word that lingers in our ears as we close the covers of "Virgin Soil." That the country which he so loved has yet to achieve for itself a name, and yet asks in vain for the solution of its own dark problem, is the substance of what he has told us of the Russia of to-day. But the title of this collection, although "half-suggested" by the author, does not seem to be exactly fitting. "Poems in Prose" is suggestive of the perfect work of Baudelaire; it would have been better to publish them under the title of "Senilia," by which they are generally known. This would have been expressive and non-committal. The translation errs from excess of literality. The book opens with a good sonnet, presumably the work of the translator.

THE loves of Abelard and Heloise will live as long as the human heart is stirred with a sentiment of romance. It is nearly eight hundred years since the eloquent and distinguished scholar met the beautiful and accomplished girl somewhere in the precincts of his lecture room in Paris or of her uncle's home near the cathedral of Notre Dame, and, captivated by her youthful charms, threw a blight on her life by winning her trust with the cruel intention, as he himself avowed, of betraying it. How faithfully she loved her selfish seducer, how willingly she sacrificed her honor and her happiness to preserve his fame and further his ambition, is retold in an effective version of the story by Mrs. Abby Sage Richardson. (J. R. Osgood & Co.) The letters which passed between the lovers after they had endured a separation of sixteen years, both of them in the seclusion of convent walls, are given as a supplement to the history of their lives. The warmth, self-abnegation and fidelity of woman's love are impressively illustrated in the conduct of Heloise, and the tale of her devotion and suffering must move every feeling heart to pity. Arthur Helps declares that a man is great in proportion to his capacity for loving; and measured by this standard, Abelard, with all his fame, was a man of mean and narrow nature. The world bears witness that love may be more immortal than genius, by remembering this renowned mediæval scholar chiefly from his relations with an heroic woman. It avenges the wrong done to Heloise, that the ages accord her a sympathy in sharp contrast with the sentiments entertained toward Abelard.

THE increased prominence given of late years to the study of modern languages has occasioned a marked improvement in the methods and the means of teaching them. Under the head of improved means come such books as Professor Knapp's "Modern French Readings" (Ginn, Heath & Co.).

This book is prepared upon the theory that it is better to study a few somewhat extended compositions than a multitude of brief extracts. It is, moreover, limited to strictly modern French, which makes it possible to give a very fair idea of what modern French is. We are told in the preface that "the selections have been made with reference to style and vocabulary, rather than to the history of the literature." With two exceptions the selections are in prose, and the writers represented are Berquin, Mme. de Séjur, Guizot, Dumas the elder, Victor Hugo, Gautier, Daudet, and the Paris "*Figaro*." Of these the most important are the famous scene of the "Guet-apens" from "*Les Misérables*," the chapter on Granada from Gautier's "*Voyage en Espagne*," and four chapters of Daudet's masterpiece "*Numa Roumestan*." The selection from "*Figaro*" gives an excellent idea of modern French journalism at its best. The two poetical selections are well-chosen, being both from Victor Hugo; one of them is the great soliloquy of Charles Quint at the tomb of Charlemagne, from "*Hernani*," the other is the entire drama of "*Ruy Blas*." Some thirty pages of well-chosen notes complete the volume. The book is neatly printed, and contains fewer typographical errors than are usually found in works of this class.

THE economic doctrine of Rent has never had better treatment than it has received at the hands of Francis A. Walker. One desirous of studying it at the present day would perhaps do better to consult the "Political Economy" of this writer than the original exposition of Ricardo, for the reason that in his presentation he has had constantly in view the many misconceptions that have arisen concerning it since its original enunciation, and is ever on his guard to avoid ambiguity and to give to his exposition a rigorously logical form. The position as established by Ricardo is an impregnable one, but Dr. Walker's treatment makes more obvious the folly of any attempt to assail it. The little book called "*Land and Its Rent*" (Little, Brown & Co.) consists of four chapters, the first two of which are in substance contained in the writer's work on Political Economy. These are prefatory to the other two, which take into consideration the relation which government should bear to the land. Considerable attention is given to the refutation of the fallacies embodied in Mr. George's "*Progress and Poverty*"; indeed, this seems to be the chief object of the book. Taken altogether, it is a useful contribution to American economical literature, so poor in books of much value; and its usefulness is enhanced by its appearance at a time when the particular subject which it handles is the theme of so much irrational discussion.

IT is difficult to discern the special value of "*The Story of My Heart*," by Richard Jeffries. (Roberts Brothers.) It is a record of day dreams, such as most persons of poetical and sensuous temperament are addicted to from childhood up. But they are not of a strikingly distinctive character, nor are they related with any particular charm, force, or

fever. We gather from them that the writer is intensely fond of beauty in nature and in human flesh, and that he has sought every opportunity of indulging in a sort of pagan worship of the sun, the earth, the grass, the flowers, and of all things sublime and lovely in the universe. The emotion excited by a rapt contemplation of these objects he designates as a prayer for deeper soul-life, for the soul-life which in his pantheistic creed permeates all nature. The repetition and verbiage of his rhapsodies become wearisome in the course of fifty or more pages, during which the mind is struggling for some clear sound idea or motive to rest upon. At the close of page 81, the author says: "No thought which I have ever had has satisfied my soul;" and the reader does not wonder at the statement, as, despite some reflections which indicate a certain depth and seriousness of inquiry, there are not any thoughts in the story which satisfy one as a justification for its publication.

THE last volume of the series of "Famous Women" (Roberts Brothers) presents the biography of Maria Edgeworth, written by Helen Zimmern. It is not the fault of the subject that this is less engaging than the preceding numbers of the series, but rather of the treatment. Miss Edgeworth was a favorite novelist in her time, sharing the applause of the reading public with such authors as Sir Walter Scott. But her most successful books are almost unknown to the present generation. Written to amend the morals and manners of the time, when that object was served they were displaced by later creations keeping pace with the progress of taste and culture. But if the writings of Miss Edgeworth are to-day outgrown or forgotten, the character and genius of the woman have not lost their power to attract and hold us with their charm. It is in giving so much space to a discussion of her books, that Miss Zimmern has committed an error. Had she devoted her narrative principally to the personal experience of Miss Edgeworth, she could have imbued every page of it with a living interest. The material contained in the "Study of Maria Edgeworth" by Grace A. Oliver, which has been given to the American public within the past year, discloses the rich mine of anecdote and incident from which the delineator of the private life of the novelist might have drawn.

THE new volume of travels by Charles Dudley Warner, "*A Roundabout Journey*" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), will find a multitude of readers among those to whom his previous works of the same sort have shown him to be shrewd and original as an observer and felicitous as a narrator. Mr. Warner's "*Roundabout Journey*" was made to interesting but not frequently visited points in France, Spain, Sicily, Malta, and Africa. His notes of saunterings along the by-paths of Europe and on the southern borders of the Mediterranean still have the freshness and charm of novelty, notwithstanding the host of Americans who swarm annually in all noted places across the water, and flood the press on their return with accounts of what they have seen and how they

were impressed. Mr. Warner has the rare faculty of investing the little incidents of his experience with importance, and these being peculiar to himself are unhearkened and amusing. Trivial as they often are, they still give a character and color to the event or scene he is depicting which endow it with a vivid and realistic force. In the final chapter of the book, Mr. Warner gives a singularly graphic and engaging description of the performance of Wagner's "Parsifal" at Bayreuth in the summer of 1882.

A VAST amount of discussion and controversy has been expended upon what is termed "the woman question," and yet the subject is by no means exhausted. The utterances upon this theme of a woman like Mary A. Livermore have a title to immediate attention. She has made the question the text of her platform lectures during many years, and her views upon its various aspects have been heard from one end of the country to the other. The pith of them all she reproduces in a little volume entitled pertinently "What Shall We Do with Our Daughters?" (Lee & Shepard). The inquiry strikes to the heart of every thinking man and woman blessed with daughters. To them it is a query ever pressing yet never perfectly answered, for each day demands decision and action in some essential points. Mrs. Livermore's dissertation is full of help and suggestion. Every parent may gain instruction from it, while every serious person will be profited not only by the chapters treating of these special topics, but by those grouped under the general head of "Superfluous Women."

ONE of the beautiful volumes called out by the holiday season which have more than an ephemeral value is that bearing the title of "Some Modern Artists and Their Work" (Cassell & Co.). It consists of upward of thirty biographical sketches of noted living artists, taken, with their accompanying illustrations, from the "Magazine of Art," where they originally appeared. The sketches owe their existence to various writers skilled in the use of the pen, especially in the province of art criticism, and are brought into their present form under the authorship of Wilford Meynell. Among the painters and sculptors whose history they outline are Sir Frederick Leighton, G. H. Boughton, Meissonier, Mrs. Butler, Munkacsy, Louise Jopling, Eastman Johnson, Luke Fildes, and Laurens Alma-Tadema. In almost every instance the portrait of the artist forms an adjunct of the written account, while numerous examples of the work by which each has attained celebrity add to its interest. A book which takes one thus into the sphere of men and women of genius, revealing not only their pictures and statues but their workshops or their studios and their homes even, and depicts the incidents by which their talent was nurtured and developed, cannot fail to be both captivating and valuable. The engravings are exquisite works of their kind, giving the volume the charm of a picture gallery.

No one who has an interest in contemporary art need be told of the genius and fame of the Scotch

painter, poet, and sculptor, Sir Joseph Noel Paton, who, among many distinctions won in the course of his art career, was knighted by the Queen at Windsor in 1867. In the long list of his works wrought with the pencil or brush, the series of vigorous conceptions illustrating Shakespeare, Shelley, and other English poets, has been greatly and justly admired. His "Compositions from Shakespeare's *Tempest*," produced in 1845, with his "Compositions from Shelley's *Prometheus Unbound*," have been united in a volume published by Cassell & Co. The first work embraces fifteen, and the second twelve engravings in outline. The accepted dictum that Sir J. Noel Paton is unrivaled in this field of invention is well supported by these specimens of his talent. They exhibit a rich and strong imagination, every portion of the pictured scene being filled with appropriate and beautiful incident. Figures and landscape are conceived and drawn with equal boldness and truth.

THE handsome table-book entitled "Flowers from Hill and Dale," by Susie Barstow Skelding, possesses a pleasing table of contents. The letterpress comprises nearly half a hundred choice poems, by almost as many different authors, all of which have been inspired by the beauties of the floral world. Twelve colored drawings of flowers, by Miss Skelding, are interspersed among the poems. The composition of the drawings is very graceful, the wreaths and bouquets being made up of lovely and delicate blossoms artistically disposed. The reproduction of these by the chromo lithographer unfortunately fails to do them nice justice either in outline or color. The same poems and drawings are divided by the publishers (White, Stokes & Allen) into three parts and put up in separate illuminated and satin-fringed cardboard covers, under the name of the "Flower-Songs Series."

MR. A. P. RUSSELL, the author of "Characteristics" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), is a diligent gleaner in the fields of literature. It is evident that he keeps a commonplace book in which extracts from different writers treating the same subject are carefully ranged. Out of these collections he creates essays and sketches which are readable and instructive, although products of industry rather than invention. The first essay in the present volume, for example, is made up exclusively of testimonials to the genius of Coleridge, which have been left on record by men and women of eminence who had the privilege of listening to the marvellous flow and charm of the poet's conversation. In other papers following, Mr. Russell binds together the passages presented from various writers, with sentences and paragraphs of his own, forming a sort of mosaic-work that is not without interest and value. The titles of his essays are attractive, as: "Sarah Siddons," "Doctor Johnson," "Lord Macaulay," "Lamb," "Habit," "The Habit of Detraction," and "The Art of Living."

THE little work entitled "The Wonders of Plant Life Under the Microscope," by Sophie Bledsoe

Herrick, proves the author to be a thorough and practical student of the science of botany. It consists of a series of papers which appeared originally in "Scribner's Monthly" and "The Southern Review," with several fresh chapters now added to fill the larger gaps between them. The papers form an ascending progression, passing from "The Beginnings of Life" and "Single-celled Green Plants," to "Fungi and Lichens," "Liverworts and Mosses," "Ferns," "Corn and Its Congeners," "Pitcher Plants," "Insectivorous Plants," and other Phe-nogamous plants. The writer's style is scholarly rather than popular, and her papers are therefore limited in interest to readers possessing at least an elementary knowledge of botany. The illustrations accompanying the text are of exceeding beauty, both in subject and execution. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

MR. ADAMS'S "Brief Handbook of English Authors" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) is a work which students and general readers will find useful. In the first place it has the admirable quality of condensation, and, consequently, convenience of handling, which is nine points in its favor. Then its material is not only full, but skilfully systematized. It includes the names known in English literature from its earliest dawn to the present day—a valuable feature being the correct representation of the pronunciation of names that are at all peculiar. Then follow the dates embracing the author's career, a list of his or her prominent writings, with references to critical, biographical or historical works from which fuller particulars of life and achievements may be obtained. In many instances the compiler furnishes concise critical comments of his own, and these are marked by refined taste and discriminating judgment. The book is well adapted to the needs of school children, and, indeed, supplies all that is wanted of a biographical dictionary by most persons.

A HELPFUL treatise on "China Painting" is produced by Florence Lewis and published by Cassell & Co. A minute and clear explanation of the entire process of over-glaze painting on china is furnished in a general introduction to the work, after which follows a series of sixteen original colored plates, each accompanied by careful directions as to the colors to be used and the methods employed by the amateur painter. The work appears to provide all the information necessary to guide a student who has not the advantage of a teacher in this department of art work.

ESTES & LAURIAT have issued "Songs and Scenes from Goethe's Faust," in the popular form of illuminated and fringed covers. The fragments of song from Goethe's great poem outline the pathetic career of Marguerite, and form the subject of a number of illustrations designed by G. A. Liezen, Mayer, and Ad. Lalanne, and engraved by George T. Andrews and others.

AN English Academy, modelled on the French, is said to be in contemplation.

LITERARY NOTES AND NEWS.

BROWNING is to be published in a cheap edition in London, for "the masses."

THE "Bryant Calendar for 1884" (Appleton) is one of the prettiest of these popular devices.

MR. W. J. ROLFE'S well-known series of Shakespeare's plays, published by Harper & Brothers, is completed, the last volume being "Titus Andronicus."

THE "Riverside Emerson," published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., is completed by volumes IX, X, and XI, containing "Poems," "Lectures and Biographical Sketches," and "Miscellanies."

"THE Haunted Homes of Great Britain, a Guide to the Geography of Ghostland," is the inspiriting title of a work to be published in London, written by Mr. John H. Ingram, the English biographer and champion of Poe.

THE Century Company send out, as usual, the volumes of their ever-popular periodicals, bound in a style of appropriate elegance. Those who are so unfortunate as not to receive the regular monthly issues will welcome these rich volumes.

THE somewhat sensational story of "The Bread Winners," which has been running through the pages of "The Century" magazine for some months, is issued in book form by Harper & Brothers. Its authorship is not yet made known.

HAWTHORNE is the subject of the portrait offered by the publishers of the "Atlantic Monthly" to their subscribers for 1884. It is uniform in style with the portraits of Longfellow, Whittier, Bryant, Lowell, Holmes, and Emerson, that have preceded it.

MATTHEW ARNOLD'S poems, in two volumes, worthily complete the admirable American edition of his works, published by Macmillan & Co. No achievement in book-making has, it seems to us, better demonstrated the fact that books in order to be cheap need not also be mean. It is the acme of popular editions.

THE first American edition of Bulwer's long-expected Memoirs is in the "Franklin Library" form. The initial part contains only the fragment of autobiography, which closes at the age of about twenty-two. The following parts give the completion of the life, written by his son, together with the letters and literary remains.

AN American reprint of the "Contemporary," "Fortnightly," and "Nineteenth Century" Reviews will hereafter be issued in New York by the English Publishing Co. In form, they will be directly modelled after the original editions, the size of page being slightly reduced, but containing the English text line for line. The prices will be forty cents per number, or \$4.50 per year, for either magazine.

JOHN E. POTTER & CO., of Philadelphia, announce for immediate issue "The Elements of Botany," by Prof. W. A. Kellerman, of the Kansas State Agricultural College. The work is designed either for school use or for independent study. An important feature, new to text books of this science, is a department of "Economic Botany," in which the principles of botany are applied to practical uses.

THE December number of "The Magazine of Art" (Cassell & Co.) is a publication which cannot fail to be attractive to even the most desultory of art-students. Besides the fine etching of a landscape by Henry Farrer, which is sent out as an especial gift to subscribers, there is an admirable figure piece, "Lady Bountiful," etched by Robert W. Macbeth. There are also articles, unusually good, on "North Tuscany," "Madrazo, the Spanish Painter," "Sketches in Egypt," "Venetian Glass," "Some Portraits of Martin Luther," and "The Constantine Ionides Collection," embellished with finely executed and spirited illustrations.

THE publication in America of a new and fine edition of "The Letters and Poems of John Keats" has given rise to a controversy regarding the genuineness of a number of letters, now for the first time in print. The letters purport to have been written by the poet to his brother George, who immigrated to the United States in 1818, and settled in Louisville, Kentucky, where he died, leaving the letters to his daughter, the mother of the Mr. Speed who now furnishes them for publication. The London "Athenaeum" has questioned the authenticity of these new letters, rather hastily, it appears; and the publishers (Dodd, Mead & Co.) have apparently made good their claim of genuineness. The edition, which is a limited one, is in three volumes, printed with much elegance. It contains portraits of the three Keats brothers, John, George, and Tom, reproduced in color from the original oil paintings; with several other portraits of the poet, an etching of his burial-place, and fac-similes of his handwriting.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

[The following List includes all New Books, American and English, received during the month of December by MESSRS. JANSEN, MCCLURG & CO., Chicago.]

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Don John of Austria; or, Passages from the History of the Sixteenth Century, 1547-1578. By the late Sir William Stirling-Maxwell, Bart. With numerous illustrations. 2 vols. Large 8vo. London. Net, \$14.70.

Kadesh-Barnes. Its Importance and Probable Site. With the story of a hunt for it. Including studies of the route of the Exodus and the southern boundary of the Holy Land. By H. C. Trumbull, D.D. 8vo, pp. 478. \$5.

William H. Prescott's Complete Works. Edited by John F. Kirk. *Edition de Luxe.* To be completed in 15 vols. 8vo. Ferdinand and Isabella, 3 vols., and Conquest of Mexico, 3 vols., now ready.

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